Smith's Report

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The Evil Muse of Bradley Smith

by Ann Sterzinger

This is an astounding turn of events. My new book, A Personal History of Moral Decay, *has been reviewed in* Taki's Magazine. *This is a cultural event, if you will, that is a first. A book written by a Holocaust Revisionist being reviewed and reviewed positively, in one of the premier intellectual and cultural publications in the United States of America. Who has ever heard of such an event? Am I missing something?*

June 18, 2014

Sometimes a book is so rich and alive that through a kind of synesthesia it makes you rethink your crotchety opinions about other art forms. Bradley Smith's new book, for example, *A Personal History of Moral Decay*, weaves the texture of life so clearly that it almost made me like postmodern art.

It's a series of autobiographical stories that detail a young writer-type's grueling thirty-year search for his muse. I was walking down a hot Chicago sidewalk a couple of weeks ago, thinking about the manuscript; it wasn't due to publish till this Monday, but I'd been helping Chip Smith of Nine-Banded Books (which also published my novel NVSQVAM) with a proofread of the final edit (I think that's all of the disclosures out in one sentence), and the close work with Bradley Smith's gently accomplished prose had me in a fair-minded mood.

Millions of threads make up the tissue of a scene as simple as fighting with your roommates, as captured in the funniest story in the collection, "The Last of the Romans":

"This is the last time I pull this caper with you, Marlow. Do you know we could get arrested for this? Do you want to go to jail for stealing a cow's brain? Now that you stole it, you eat the goddamn thing. It takes a dumb goddamn wop to steal an item like that."

"Don't call me a wop," Marlow says. "I'm the last of the Romans. I don't have any connection with the wops."

With such music rattling in my brain, and the texture of the street rolling in my senses, I passed an art gallery whose window was devoted to one of those sleazy MFA [Master of Fine Arts] visual artists who devote their careers to the study of texture as a concept—slopping paint around at random, sticking twigs into it, then spending the bulk of their time writing "artist's statements" to justify it. Normally I have no patience for an "artist" who's never learned to draw, but hey, maybe there's something legit in this other study of texture, too …

Nah. Not the way they try to fake it. Bradley Smith has wrangled words for fifty years to get the real thing. The MFAs have only stumbled on a theory that happens to be correct despite their laziness. Texture is the great thing to capture in art, but not in the leisurely abstract. Since painters quit learning technique, literature is the last art form

standing that can simulate such complexity.

This is because writing is harder to cheat at—though now most writers are foolishly trying to do an end run around skill in that field as well; Chip Smith (no relation outside of publisher-author) describes *A Personal History* as "a good read that reminds us of how a man wrote and lived before writing-workshop culture became entrenched."

Bradley Smith went through the mill to get his chops the old-fashioned way, and the quest to find his subject was even more brutal. The stories from the early years in *A Personal* History paint the young author as a stubborn loser. None of his friends, relatives, or women had anything but disparagement for his writing, and not without reason: it was about his own navel. He lived with his parents when he wasn't shacked up or on an adventure, filling mountains of notebooks and filing cabinets with what never amounted to more than writing practice, an insane persistence that bore no fruit till after his fiftieth year.

Most people—those who wouldn't have given up in self-despair—would have seized upon the first couple of possible motifs he came across: he accidentally killed his baby brothers, for starters. He fought in Korea, he spent years training and fighting as the lone blond bullfighter in Mexico; he tried to be a war reporter in Vietnam, and he was prosecuted for obscenity.

He wrote about all these things, but all just for practice, waiting for the muse.

And oh, it would arrive. But the grand revelation brought only the fear of further loneliness: most of Bradley Smith's friends and lovers were Jewish. And his muse happened to come in the form of a weaselly-looking little man at a libertarian convention who was passing out brochures about Holocaust revisionism.

And that is where the needle scratches the wax. Where the decent people run away.

Against his will, terrified, Smith was haunted by the possibility that there was no evidence for things like murders by gassing in World War II. He began to look into the matter, and found that some respected researchers had admitted that the famous gas chamber they show to tourists at Auschwitz was actually made in WWII for what it looked like: a shower and bomb shelter. The locks on the "gas chamber" opened from the inside. The longer Smith looked, the more he was pressed to admit that here, in this crazy place, he had his muse.

He also had death threats in his future. Worse, he would face his loved ones' grave disappointment in him, in his failure to accept what every good person believes. His muse was a demon.

But he also began to have an audience. He didn't only get attention from the conventional historians who hated him; there were the revisionists, too … some of whom were adding to the store of human knowledge, and others who, unfortunately, lived the "denier" stereotype.

As the serious revisionists—none of whom deny that the Nazis hated Jews, nor that they shot or let starve plenty in concentration camps—will admit, there are dishonest folks with agendas on their side as well.

The infamous "Jewish revisionist," David Cole/Stein, in his recent, hilarious memoir *Republican Party Animal*, expressed his vein-popping frustration with both sides: the conventional historians went bonkers when Cole refused to "admit" the fake gas chamber at the Auschwitz museum was real … but when he tracked down what appeared to be an actual Nazi gas chamber hidden away in France, the revisionists went just as bananas.

Even Smith, in some of his writings, gets almost as emotionally overbearing about the poor, slandered Germans as Holocaust Industry true believers get over the myths about pants made of skin. Smith is zero percent German-American, however, with no dog in the fight, and I suspect that like any literary writer he gets embarrassingly het up over unfairness, especially when it's not about him.

But to paraphrase the "moderate revisionist" Samuel Crowell (really a generalist, who's moved on to a brilliant study of Shakespeare) in *The Gas Chamber of Sherlock Holmes*: Conventional historians are not part of a conspiracy any more than the average Jerry was. They've accepted a narrative that began as mass hysteria, which was a perfectly human response to the chaotic, narrative-poor horrors of war.

This reviewer is not an historian—though I tend to lend an ear to people who present facts over those who present hysterics—and I don't know enough to agree with either side. Nor will I cite the First Amendment; if you need a legal writ to force you to respect differing opinions, then you're the kind of yahoo that Cicero used to say needed the fear of the gods to stop you from murdering everyone. Reading Bradley Smith is about

treasuring good writing, regardless of whether you deem the author's opinions worthy of your moral rubber stamp; see also Céline. But if you must have a moral, Smith earned every phrase the hard way.

Please share this article by using this link: *http://tinyurl.com/k9hesj7* When you cut and paste an article, Taki's Magazine misses out on traffic, and our writers don't get paid for their work.

You can get Ann Sterzinger's novel ***NVSQVAM (Nowhere)*** here: http://tinyurl.com/q4utnke

A Gathering of Galileos

by Jett Rucker

It took the Church a long time to decide Galileo Galilei's advocacy of heliocentrism (the idea that the earth revolved around the sun, instead of vice-versa) was heretical. Galileo was already 52 when he committed what turned out to be his signature heresy, and 68 when he was sentenced to life imprisonment with a ban imposed on everything he had written, and on himself against writing anything further (he wrote and published one of his finest works during the nine years he remained alive, under this ban).

The advancing age of many of the participants in "Academic Freedom: JFK, 9/11 and the Holocaust," held April 26 in a conference room on the campus of the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana, was apparent.

Visually the youngest participant was David Robinson, who was also the only academic present who had not by Conference time retired or been fired. Accordingly, his present academic affiliation was not stated in the write-up on him. Likewise, his presentation concerned a case in (breach of) academic freedom that closed before his career began, involved no people who knew him and no institutions he has ever been connected with, and concerned none of the three subjects (911, the Holocaust, and JFK's assassination) mentioned in the publicity on the conference. It was interesting as history, but connections to today's issues were tenuous at best.

At 55, Kevin Barrett, Ph.D., also failed to qualify for the geriatric generality offered above. His academic career, mainly at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, does not seem quite that of a committed academic, if only by reason of the fact that he ran for Congress in 2008 from Wisconsin. Either way, his presentation, "Facts, Insults and Academic Freedom," played on the refusal of the University of Wisconsin to renew his teaching (English, French, Arabic, American Civilization, Humanities, African Literature, Folklore, and Islam—he is a convert to Islam) after he vigorously and publicly promoted the assertion that the events of September 11, 2001, were a government put-up job, and in no way involved any Muslims, in airplanes or elsewhere. He has since written extensively on the Holocaust tradition in a vein markedly similar to that in which he treats the events of 9/11.

The only non-American to participate, and his participation in any case was virtual, by Skype from his home city of London, was sixty-seven-year-old Nicholas Kollerstrom, Ph.D., whose institution, University College London, fired him less than a year after his heresy, which was to publish an article in the September 2008 issue of *Smith's Report* titled "Leuchter Twenty Years On," concerning the famous investigations conducted in 1988 at Auschwitz by Fred Leuchter. Kollerstrom's presentation, "Research on the Holocaust Can Be Hazardous to Your Career," was immediate, personal, and got straight to the heart of the matter under discussion. Hazardous, indeed; today, Dr. Kollerstrom has no institutional affiliation. He probably couldn't get one if he wanted it.

Stephen Francis, the conference's facilitator, likewise got to the heart of the matter, but he did so as a "consumer" of history, not as a "producer" of it. That is, he did not claim the "license" that seems to be required to produce history, a doctoral degree and an academic post. Mr. Francis's livelihood came from activities not involving history, so he was not in the ranks of the professionally "wounded" that included Dr. Kollerstrom and two of the remaining three participants listed below. His presentation was titled "Getting History Right: There Should Be No Limits to Inquiry."

Whitney Abbe, Ph.D., retired from his academic career at the University of Georgia on the faculty of the physics department in 1978. Between the (purely) scientific nature of his subject and his retirement before he publicized his interest in academic corruption at his former employer, he also escaped the scathing that enveloped the veterans mentioned below. His presentation, "Violations of Academic Freedom at the University of Georgia," did not concern the Holocaust, nor either of the other issues advertised for the conference. It essentially concerned academic politics and chicanery, not academic freedom.

The conference's "sponsor" might be said to be James Fetzer, Ph.D., a colleague of Dr. Barrett's at the *Veterans Today* website. Dr. Fetzer is a veteran in the conventional sense, of the US Marine Corps, and as a veteran of the academic-freedom wars, he clings to the title of McKnight Professor Emeritus at the University of Minnesota at Duluth despite his truth-seeking publications in the matters of the assassination of President John Kennedy, the events of 9/11, and the violent death of Senator Wellstone of Minnesota. Of his many publications, an article on *Veterans Today* bears the particularly interesting title of "Anti-anti-Semitism and the Search of Historical Truth." His presentation, "Are there limits to inquiry? JFK, 9/11 and the Holocaust," quite thoroughly summed up the issues discussed at this conference.

It is a bellwether for good that Galileos may gather on a college campus today to present these issues. Since it was entirely a video(ed) conference, it continues to be, today, tomorrow, as long as it's hosted on an Internet server, right here: http://tinyurl.com/obqcrom

Still No Laws in Italy against Holocaust "Denial" and None to Come

People may wonder why an otherwise emphatically "politically correct" Italy has no law against "Holocaust denial" or "negationism". This is indeed still the case, in spite of the European Union's 2008 "Framework Decision" calling for legislative harmonization in this respect throughout its territory. The EU-wide prohibition of anti-"Holocaust" revisionism by means of the sordid ruse of officially associating it with racial hatred and supposed dangers of violence inspired thereby remains in effect: [no, by itself it's without effect: individual parliaments still have to pass laws to put its contents into effect] (see, for example, the New York University Law School paper by one Laurent Pech, decidedly critical towards such harmonization: "The Law of Holocaust Denial in Europe: Towards a (qualified) EU-wide Criminal Prohibition" http://tinyurl.com/lz2ezkl

It must be acknowledged that so far the political establishments of EU countries without specific anti-revisionist legislation have generally been able to make do with their respective anti-"racism" laws, which are enough to intimidate most prospective thought criminals. But the persistence of those few Italians who dare defy the H taboo [it is pretty normal here] is enough to set the Jewish lobby there clamoring from time to time for its enshrinement by parliament, despite the "problem" posed by the unequivocal protection of freedom of belief and speech provided by Article 21 of the Italian Constitution.

Below is a brief exposé on the subject by Mr. Giuseppe Poggi [author of the piece], in charge of the dynamic (and still legal) revisionist website Olodogma.com

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Why the Italian Anti-"Negationism" Bill Will Not Pass

By Giuseppe Poggi

As I write, the Israeli lobby is maneuvering to "bring home 'again'" to the Jewish ghetto in Palestine as many hands as possible to take up rifles and help fill the ranks of the local army, the government there having already drawn even from among the Orthodox Jews! Fear is quite a powerful engine: the situation in Ukraine and the 4 deaths in Brussels on May 23 are making it huge. And desperation is still more powerful!

What with the wave of emotion following the Brussels murders and the always alluring pretext of curbing those who—with "negationism"—"incite hatred" ... "killing

the dead [sic] a second time", it cannot be ruled out that there will be a new "push" for approval, in Italy, of an anti-"negationism" law. At present, passage of such a law has been impeded by the absolute indeterminacy [1] of the "offence", its vagueness as postulated in the most recent text tabled in the national legislature, a bill which, in line with the Framework Decision against "racism" passed by the European Parliament in 2008, would punish revisionism if expressed in a manner likely to cause public disorder.

The Reason for the Rebuff to Come

It is quite unlikely that an anti-"negationism" bill will pass for a simple technical reason: in criminal cases brought against revisionists there would have to be appointed, as "expert witnesses", exterminationist historians paid by universities, foundations, communities, etc. ... to dispute, with documentation, the "deniers'" statements. That is the normal practice.

However, those history technicians ***know*** that they do not have the evidence needed to counter the revisionists and so, aware of their impotence, they themselves are opposed to the bill. What conventional historian with any sense would address the questions raised by revisionism? The miserable impression made by the Jewish Raul Hilberg at the first Ernst Zündel trial in Toronto (1985) has instructed the conformists, who are thus advised to steer clear of certain subjects! (On that sorry showing by Hilberg see Point 10 of Robert Faurisson's paper "The Victories of Revisionism", December 11, 2006.) Never has there been a greater truth than the Maoist "Strike one to educate a hundred!"

So then, what technical experts will the public prosecutor, or the "injured party", be able to rely on? None. And without such experts, cases against the "negationists" will not go ahead! (unless on the grounds that airing one's doubts about undemonstrated "historical fact" constitutes an incitement to racial hatred, actionable under the 1993 anti-racist law—the "Legge Mancino"!).

For this reason alone, then, the anti-"negationism" bill will ***not*** pass.

If the nomenklatura of conformist historians had any scrap whatsoever of historical evidence for the alleged Jewish Holocau$t, evidence valid for a court of law, they would be happy indeed to be appointed and paid lavishly to gloat before the bar as haughty experts in cases against "negationists"! But, aware of the ***absolute*** lack of such evidence, they pull their behinds back and fob off ***their*** job of combating "negationism" onto State employees who, by profession, know nothing about History and who, in order to "win", identify "negationism" with "incitement to racial hatred"!

The disgraceful flight of the Holo-salaried historians was nailed down by the (exterminationist) Swiss historian and novelist Jacques Baynac in two articles appearing in *Le Nouveau Quotidien* (Lausanne) on September 2nd and 3rd 1996 entitled, respectively, "How the historians delegate the task of silencing the revisionists to the courts" and "In the absence of supporting documents on the gas chambers, the historians dodge the debate". To close, here is a brief passage from the latter piece:

One must be grateful to Pierre Bouretz [2] for having finally dared to ask the key question, that of the extent of the scientific field of investigation and, consequently, the questions of the nature of scientific history and its method. For it is there, and nowhere else, that the deniers have set their trap for historians, who identified it in 1979 but, not knowing how to avoid it, abandoned their duty to ascertain reality and left the job of telling the Truth to the justice system. All the rest was but consequences of that, and today we find ourselves with a problem that goes far beyond that of the existence of homicidal gas chambers in the Nazi camps. Now it is the question of the knowability of the past that is being put. It is that of History itself.

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1 - "Grosso [i.e. Carlo Federico Grosso, law professor at the University of Turin] on the other hand has expressed doubts about the bill currently under consideration in Parliament because of its generality, insofar as it refers not only to the Holocaust but also to several undefined events. A dangerous element in a structure like criminal law, which represents only the last resort: punishment is justified in the face of a concrete offence against something defined. Indeterminacy and the criminal law cannot go together" ("Negazionismo e Legge", Moked website, "portal of Italian Jewry", February 18, 2014).

2 - French philosopher, author of *Witnesses for the Future: Philosophy and Messianism* ("Negazionismo e Legge", Moked website, "portal of Italian Jewry", February 18, 2014).

NEWS AND NOTES

Bradley Smith

*** And then there's the business of my bank account. Last week the account was down to $178. I was going to be in real trouble. I have all kinds of business expenses that come in and are paid automatically. If they start to bounce it will be one thing after another. I decided to make an internet appeal to online subscribers. There was no time to horse around. No time to wait and hope. I just said it. It had to happen quick. This is what I wrote.

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I NEED SOME HELP HERE.

Today if possible. If not today, the earliest you can.

What's going on? This morning the balance in my Bank Account stands at $178.00. That's One Hundred Seventy-Eight. Clearly not your fault, but my own. The reasons? Donations have been off the last two, three months. Nevertheless, I could have managed those funds more carefully. I was obligated to manage them in a way that would work. But I didn't. And now the situation is what it is.

I've been working since 1984—some thirty years—to help create an open debate on the Holocaust Question. I'm not disappointed by having $178 balance in the Bank. I didn't get into this line of work for the money. But today I find that I have allowed myself to get into a situation with funding that is impossible.

I have never done anything like this before. I won't go on about it. I think these few words make clear what the situation is today. If you find the work I do has value, please take a moment to contribute online.

Thank you.

--Bradley

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I sent the above on Wednesday with the account balance at $178.

Yesterday, Thursday, the account was at $118.

Gulp!

Friday morning it's at $930! The crisis is over. More donations will come in. I am getting messages telling me that checks are being sent. In short, I am okay again. Thank You to Everyone. Maybe the brain-swirl I have been living these last ten days will slow down.

*** My play, *The Man Who Stopped Paying*, was self-produced in Los Angeles in 1985 (my wife, who always saved money she earned from cleaning houses, helped with the funding), and was published by Nine-Banded Books in 2007 as a novella titled *The Man Who Saw His Own Liver*. Now it has been reviewed online. Out of the blue. This would not be anything special in ordinary circumstances, particularly at this late date, but the review is a singular piece of work. Nothing I have ever written, outside revisionist circles, has ever been treated as literature worthy of such generous attention until this moment.

The play itself got good reviews in the Los Angeles press, but it failed commercially from lack of imaginative promotion on my part. So why now? I don't know, but I was taken aback by the generosity, the attention to detail, and the sensibilities of the reviewer, a Texas lady named Anita Dalton who runs the Blog she calls I Read Odd Books (http://tinyurl.com/mluy8am). In this review I am treated to a banquet of observation and thought that I had no expectation of ever receiving. What follows are a few excerpts taken from this close-to-3,000-word review.

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The Man Who Saw His Own Liver

Anita Dalton

Bradley R. Smith is a living intersection of ideas that, on their surface, may seem mutually exclusive. But people and ideas are never wholly black or white. This played out vividly for me in terms of Smith's personal politics because I generally have little patience for most libertarian ideas yet could see at times where Smith was coming from and could sympathize with his point of view. I think that was because Smith didn't cloak himself in Randian-superiority.

[…] Smith discusses his life and his ideas in a manner that is confessional, almost Beat-like in style. He is a sort of holy outsider, a man who has dwelt on the fringes and remained true to his search for truth, no matter the personal and social costs.

Smith's personal life is just one portion of this slim volume. Smith discusses politics and religion in a very simple, straightforward manner. He detests the idea of paying taxes into a bureaucratic system he considers wicked, and Smith's ideas about bureaucracy are not anything new.

"[…] here in America it is the bureaucrats who manage the great welfare programs that protect the old and the poor and it's the bureaucrats who run the programs that produce thermonuclear weapons that hold hostage the poor and old in other lands. Who hold hostage the children …. What do you say to these bureaucrats when you know they are your friends and neighbors, when you know how decent they are?"

Smith can be amusing when he wants to be. One night, he fell asleep while in a Mexican jail holding cell and woke up to find someone had taken a dump on his foot.

"Squatting over some guy's foot when he's asleep, that's what men think is funny. It's one of those male characteristics that all over the planet testify to our universal brotherhood."

For me, I tend to think this is Smith showing us not only the man who saw his own liver, but he is also showing us his heart. There is a vulnerability to this book, as Smith reveals his weaknesses, his disgust and an almost innocent revulsion for the modern world.

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The above cuts give off a full sense of Dalton's review. Again, as a whole, it is the most generous review that has ever been done on my work. Take a look at it: http://tinyurl.com/mluy8am

*** The VA is still in the news. The growing scandal over the poor organization and criminal misbehavior of VA bureaucrats around the nation. What Eric Shinseki, United States Secretary of Veterans Affairs, resigning, describes as a "systemic, totally unacceptable lack of integrity." My own experience these last several weeks is that each appointment was followed through exactly on schedule, and that a new issue was followed up on immediately with the lab and the pharmacy. In short, my sense of things is that the San Diego VA is generally well organized. That the scandal has to do with individual, not all, VA facilities and their dishonest administrators.

Nine-Banded Books Where did it come from?

Chip Smith

In 2008 I launched Nine-Banded Books by publishing a slender novella by Bradley R. Smith. It was called *The Man Who Saw His Own Liver*. I didn't know what I was doing at the time and I still am not sure what I'm doing. I know I priced the book too high and printed too many copies. It never sold well, but that didn't matter to me. All that mattered was that I liked the manuscript and I wanted very much for it to exist so that some few readers might discover it and perhaps treasure it in the way that people sometimes do with books. It's heartening to see that *Liver* is getting some attention these years later. It really is a good read. It's one of those books that sets a spell.

Chip Smith
(To your right)

The backstory I might have mentioned before is that *Liver* wasn't my first choice. When I initially approached Bradley it was with the idea of publishing a different manuscript—a sprawling and never quite complete collection of autobiographical stories he had assembled over the years called *A Personal History of Moral Decay*. Bradley's concern was that the manuscript needed work, so we agreed, for the time being, to do *Liver* instead. It was a good place to start. The right place to start, I suppose.

As the years passed I would occasionally approach Bradley to ask if he wanted to go forward with *Moral Decay* and he would invariably respond in the same way by saying "it needs work." The last time this happened I was moved to go back and read the thing a bit more carefully with my best editorial instincts. It was true enough that it needed work, but only in the sense that all manuscripts require a bit of gingerly attention and investment. But the words rolled smooth as milk and honey on oats, and the stories had a strange and distinctive thematic resonance that only deepened on repeat.

What happened was, there came a point when I was moved to reflect on what I was reading and what I will say is that I knew it was a great book. Not a good book. A great one. I imagine I'll stand by that statement until I die. A thousand bad reviews couldn't dissuade me of this conviction. *A Personal History of Moral Decay* is a great book. I consider it a rare privilege to bring it into print.

But back to Bradley, the author. It was with a greater sense of ur-

gency that I approached him this time. I told him we needed to do the book—that it was important to do it now. I meant while he was still alive but I didn't say that. I told him it was good—I don't think I said it was "great" but that is also what I meant—and I tried to explain the reasons why. I dropped names like James Salter and John Cheever and Richard Brautigan and I said that the book was a throwback to what such men once did on instinct, before MFAs and writing workshops and Oprah-branded book clubs and sentence-obsessed literary memoirs and feminist sensibilities descended to have their ruinous way with a world of letters that once teemed with immediacy and life. I said, or I might as well have said, that it was the sort of book that some few readers might discover and perhaps treasure in the way that people still sometimes do with books.

And Bradley, perhaps he sensed the urgency in my words. Because this time he said, "What the hell. It'll never be perfect. Let's do it, kid."

I love *A Personal History of Moral Decay*. It's one of my favorite books. You can order a copy through Amazon here:

http://tinyurl.com/n6lce6w

or directly through Nine-Banded Books. http://tinyurl.com/nc2ove8 The cover design is by Kevin Slaughter and it is based on the old Obelisk editions of Henry Miller for reasons you may come to understand. I hope you'll buy a copy for yourself and I hope you'll buy another one for your dad. Here's a fine write-up from over at Taki's that artfully touches on the unavoidable subject that I am now avoiding for reasons you're wrong to suspect.

Memento mori.

*** This is a note I made a couple years ago and it just popped up from the bowels of the computer.

Sally is an old, fat, mixed German shepherd. Tiffany is our long-hair grey and white cat. Turns out that Sally prefers bagged cat food to bagged dog food. This morning I watched the routine. When I put out the cat food for Tiffany, who was bawling for it, both she and Sally approach the bowl. Tiffany begins to eat a little and Sally, who weighs about 15 times what the cat weighs and towers over her, waits patiently behind Tiffany to finish. When Tiffany turns away from the bowl, Sally takes her turn, a demonstration of sensibility that I have to take to heart.

The update is that Sally is buried in a plastic bag in the dirt beneath a tree beside Irene's old house. Tiffany is still here and still howls for her food.

*** **Reading Dalton's review of *Liver*** is an event that made me wonder at its generosity, but it appeared at an odd time. My new book, *A Personal History of Moral Decay*, is to be published by Nine-Banded Books in a couple three weeks. On the one hand I want to send the review of *Liver* via the internet far and wide simply to get it in front of people so they can see that Smith is human in at least some of the ways other writers are. The problem is that if I circulate the *Liver* review as widely as it should be circulated, it will distract from our promotion of *Moral Decay*. *Moral Decay* is the primary book to work with, not *Liver*. *Moral Decay* is promotable, and this time I am disposed to promote it. What to do? Go with *Liver* now, and do *Moral Decay* later? I don't know. I have to make a decision.

*** Back to the VA to find out what's what. They did a biopsy on a growth in the right groin. It is cancer, again, as we all understood. Now, after the biopsy, we know that it is still 80% follicular lymphoma, but now 20% B-Cell, a more aggressive strain of lymphoma. In this case it is associated somehow with the spleen. It took three trips to the other side and various appointments to reach this stage of info. With each trip to the VA in La Jolla I lose a full day from the work. On top of that I'm tired in a way that I have not been before and I lose time from the work lying on our bed.

Anyhow, I will begin chemotherapy, for the third time, the first week in July. I remember a couple years ago, the last time I learned that the cancer was cooking and that I would have to begin chemo for the second time. Walking out of the hospital I was elated, almost euphoric. I was about to begin a new adventure. I looked forward to it.

That sense of things lasted about four days; then I was left with the simple understanding that I was to get back into the grind. This time there is no euphoria, no sense of adventure even for a few days. Only the fact that the chemo will begin again in a couple weeks.

Nazi Botched Gassings?

Fritz Berg

A new book, *Gruesome Spectacles* by Austin Sarat, is gaining some attention, partly because of the recent botched execution by lethal injection in Oklahoma.

Were there ever any "botched" mass gassings of Jews in Nazi Germany? If not, why not? Given the complexity and record of botched gassings in the US where at most two people were gassed at one time and where great care is taken to do everything properly (even "painlessly"), there should have been many more botched gassings in Nazi Germany. But, there is at best only the sketchiest mention of anything like that. The Gerstein diesel gassing tale would be one such story—but the botching was not due to any problems with the gas not killing the intended victims within the expected execution period but only to the problem of getting the diesel engine to start. Was cyanide really any better?

From the following excerpt from the book it is clear that even in the US, botched gas executions (5.4%) were rather common.

"There should have been some kind of paper trail for Nazi 'botchings' if only to better avoid repeat botchings. The same botching rate as occurred in the US would have meant that of the 2 million victims or so of mass gassings in Nazi Germany, there should have been at least 100,000 victims of botched gassings—including many "survivors." Making sure that the cyanide was dispersed throughout the gas chamber would have been a major problem without 'forced circulation' or *Kreislauf*. What to do with groggy but very angry Jewish "survivors" of such botched gassings? Could Irene Zisblatt have really been as passive as she suggests after she was somehow taken out of a gas chamber? So many more questions for the holocaust zombies—but no real answers."

The book goes a long way in dispelling the important hoax which preceded the holocaust hoax. That earlier but essential hoax was that poison gas could be used to commit mass murder quickly and even "painlessly." That was a widely held myth which even I believed until the revelations about botched gas executions in the US came to my attention in the late 1990s through the internet. The truth had effectively been suppressed by the government, especially the state governments, in the US presumably to allow states to keep gassing criminals to death. Under the best of circumstances, however, gas executions were ***only*** "quick" and relatively "painless" (whatever that means) if the prisoners c-o-o-p-e-r-a-t-e-d in their own execution by breathing deeply as an intense concentration of the gas first reached their nostrils. Any such cooperation from masses of Jews seems so unlikely.

Friedrich Paul Berg
Nazi Gassings Never Happened
http://www.nazigassings.com

*** **I asked Chip Smith** where he came up with the name Hoover Hog, which is the name of his blog.

"The name? Just a nod to our friend the nine-banded armadillo. The story is that they were referred to as 'Hoover hogs' during the depression when people in dire straits were reduced to dine on dillo-meat in lieu of pork. 'Nine-Banded Books' just gilds the lily. There's no deeper meaning, though I know that some readers have assumed that 'Banded' is meant as a near-homonym for 'Banned.'

"The background is that when I was in college I wrote a paper about the use of armadillos in leprosy research and I found that I kept thinking about the little suckers—to the point where armadillo imagery sort of melded with whatever I was reading. So, I don't know, maybe I was trying to cure a neuro-quirk. They're really interesting animals. They have litters of identical quadruplets."

*** **Allan C. Brownfeld** is the editor of *Issues*, a 12-page newsletter published by The American Council for Judaism. *Issues* focuses largely on the damage that Zionism is doing to Judaism in the U.S. I have been on the mailing list for *Issues* for some time now and find Brownfeld to be very perceptive. Today I went to the AJC website for the first time. There I found an article titled "The Political Use of the Holocaust." It is a review by Brownfeld of Antony Lerman's *The Making and Unmaking of a Zionist.*

An excerpt: "Referring to the Holocaust and how politicians and ideologues feel free to make politi-

cal use of this 'tragedy of tragedies,'" he wrote: 'The perceived threat of another attempt to annihilate Jewry is too rapidly invoked for the purpose of stifling genuine and crucial differences of opinion. Jewish life is not only about survival. The real crises (for the Jewish people) are in Zionism, in the nature of the Jewish state and in relations between what should be an independently-minded and assertive Diaspora and Israel. It is because these issues are so troubling and so difficult to confront that the source of anxiety is sought in the age-old common enemy: anti-Semitism. In Israel, the debate on these issues goes on daily in the newspapers. Here (in the U.S.), the debate is avoided. Rather than concede that the Arabs have an ideological case, we treat their anti-Zionism as prejudice. Rather than admit that Israel's mistakes fuel anti-Semitism, we prefer to brand critics as anti-Semites.'" Read it all:
http://tinyurl.com/nw5qf85

*** **Yesterday I tweeted**:
"#Taki's Magazine reviews The #EvilMuseofBradleySmith http://tinyurl.com/kzvbjd2 One simple writer who comes to doubt the Great Horror."

I have 167 followers on Twitter now. A tiny presence compared to what is possible, but I'm there. Nevertheless. . . .

*** ***FrontPage Magazine*:** in the 29 May issue Daniel Greenfield writes that Temple University's Marxist Adjunct Professor Alessio Lerro endorsed an MLA resolution targeting the Jewish State by claiming that the Jews have too much power. And Lerro added that with regard to the Six Million, "we all know (or should know) that the counting of Jews is a bit controversial."

The *FrontPage* headline reads**: College Refuses to Condemn Marxist Anti-Semitic Holocaust Denying BDS Professor Alessio Lerro.** But Temple University is standing behind him.

The BDS movement is the result of a Palestinian civil society issuing a call for a campaign of boycotts, divestment and sanctions (BDS) against Israel until it complies with international law and Palestinian rights. A truly global movement against Israeli Apartheid is rapidly emerging in response to this call.

Professor Alessio Lerro

Lerro accused "Jewish scholars" of having "humungous influence" over academia. "It is time that Zionists are asked to finally account for their support to the illegal occupation of Palestine since 1967."

Temple University spokesman Brandon Lausch told the *Washington Free Beacon* that the university welcomed his controversial views on campus. "Temple University promotes open discussion and expression among its diverse community of scholars. The exercise of academic freedom necessarily results in a vigorous exchange of ideas."

Greenfield's Lerro uses Marx's picture as his Facebook header. Good grief! He is also a "fan of a number of Marx's books" and is "currently reading *Seventeen Contradictions and the End of Capitalism*." Greenfield notes that Lerro refers to "the contemporary relevance of Marx's model of circulation and reproduction."

Greenfield and *FrontPage* are agreed: silence revisionists, silence Marxists. And who else?

Summer 2014 issue of Inconvenient History, Vol. 6, No. 2.

Richard A Widmann, Editor

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El Gran Tabu: Major Update Coming!

Bradley Smith

Seven years ago I pulled off a coup that no one else had ever been able to do, and that no one else has been able to do since: I was able to get a solidly revisionist film screened at a mainstream film festival.

The film was titled *El Gran Tabu*. It told the story of revisionists like Germar Rudolf and Ernst Zündel, who had been persecuted and prosecuted for simply writing about history.

The *Corto Creativo* 07 Film Festival in Baja, a joint U.S./Mexican venture, featured a roster of Academy–Award-, Emmy-, and Grammy-winning performers, and films from all over North America. The festival was attended by officials from the Mexican government, and academics from both sides of the border. Because *El Gran Tabu* dealt with the free speech issue, something that creates common ground between revisionists and non- (or not–yet-) revisionists, the festival accepted the film.

The film was a huge hit, playing to a sold-out, standing-room-only audience of predominantly young film students and enthusiasts. Most importantly, it was a non-revisionist crowd, and they loved it. The crowd gave the movie a standing ovation, and festival attendees packed the post-screening Q&A I held the next day.

Naturally, there was controversy. The U.S. academic association that co-sponsored the festival protested the inclusion of *Gran Tabu*, and held a press conference the next day to denounce me and the film. The ADL even put out a special bulletin breathlessly denouncing the screening.

But the fact is, the film was screened at a mainstream festival to an enthusiastic, young, non-revisionist crowd. That had never happened before, and it hasn't happened since.

Rather than a dry, dense historical polemic, *Gran Tabu* invites the viewer to get to know the people who have suffered because of the persecution of Holocaust revisionists—people like Ernst Zündel and Germar Rudolf. It's the human story that draws the viewers in. Human stories make great drama, and great drama makes great movies.

It's the human stories that are the opening that can lead to curiosity about revisionism and why supposed "democratic" governments resort to such brutal and repressive measures to suppress discussion of one particular historical topic.

I wrote about the victory in Baja right after it happened (codoh.com/library/document/627/).

<Start quote>

Two months ago if you had told me that I would be premiering a film at a major, mainstream film festival I'd have probably said you were losing it. And if you had told me that the film I'd be premiering would be a solidly revisionist movie in which people like Germar Rudolf and Ernst Zündel boldly present revisionist ideas and criticism of the Holocaust lobby, I might even have said you were ready for the funny farm. And if you had told me I'd be hobnobbing with Oscar-nominated actors and international superstars, and that my revisionist film would receive enthusiastic applause and a truly positive audience reaction, I'd have called the funny farm myself.

Yet everything I've described above is exactly what happened on June 7, 8, and 9 at the Corto Creativo 07 film festival in *Otay Mesa*, an upscale suburb of Tijuana, the metropolis on the Mexico/California border.

It is difficult to express fully the importance of what happened at that festival, both in terms of barriers of the past being broken, and trails for the future being blazed. The Holocaust revisionist movement has taken a lot of serious hits the last few years, with some of our most important spokespeople being imprisoned, and many of us living in countries where we are afraid to speak up for fear of violence or government prosecution.

What happened in Baja those three remarkable days in June is enough to not only help revitalize a fatigued, persecuted revisionist community, but also to take Holocaust revisionism to new heights.

<End quote>

Back in 2007, there were limits to what could be done to capitalize on the success of *El Gran Tabu*. Germar was in prison. Ernst was in prison. And David Cole, who had overseen the production and editing of the film as a personal favor to me, was living *sub rosa* under a pseudonym.

Now all that has changed. All three men are "out," Rudolf and

Zündel literally, and Cole in the figurative sense. It's time to capitalize on the success we had seven years ago, and those gears are already turning. Expect to see a big announcement in the next *SR*!

You can view the 34-minute version of the film, the one that knocked the roof off the *Corto Creativo* Film Festival, on YouTube http://tinyurl.com/owkjysm or on Vimeo https://vimeo.com/92096413

Since being uploaded to these sites in April of this year, the film has garnered thousands of views, and hundreds of positive comments. That's nothing to what is possible with what is coming.

*** Zan Overall is still doing his Truth Tuesdays on the library steps at UCLA. Sometimes he misses a day due to his acting assignments at one studio or another. A new placard he is working with will read:

Jews Are The Real Holocaust
Deniers. They Change Their
Holocaust Story Over and Over.
Remember the Auschwitz
Four Million Claim?

I was surprised by this one. I had never thought of it. It's so obvious. Jews might not do the original revisionism, but they are among the first to sign up for it.

But there they are, Jewish professors denying that Germans murdered Jews in gas chambers at Dachau, denying that Germans skinned murdered Jews to make lampshades and riding breeches from their hides. And so on and so on. It's a good, simple idea, fit to go along with these simple ideas

Can you show me a drawing or a photograph of a German gas chamber?

Can you provide the name, with proof, of one person murdered in a gas chamber at Auschwitz?

Simple stuff. My kind of stuff.

*** My *The Man Who Saw His Own Liver* has been reviewed a second time. What's going on here?

Matt Forny, The Good Looking Loser, has a very professional Web site at: http://tinyurl.com/parmbc7

He writes: "Bradley Smith is yet another talented writer who has been consigned to the dustbin of irrelevancy for purely political reasons. If *The Man Who Saw His Own Liver* is any indication, Smith deserves a place alongside Burroughs, Kerouac and other like-minded anti-establishment writers, but Smith's crime is that he was just a little too anti-establishment. Specifically, Smith's status as a Holocaust revisionist will forever overshadow his skills as a novelist. Mention his name in polite company and the pious lefties will chant in unison: "How can you say anything NICE about Bradley Smith? He's a naziwhowantstokillsixmillionjews ZOMG!!!!!!!1111″

I know I'm going on about *Liver* and *Moral Decay* being reviewed, and reviewed favorably. I didn't expect it. I have been willing to be ignored on the one hand and excoriated on the other for decades now. Didn't really think it would ever change. Maybe it will. No guarantees, but. . .

Until next month then!

--Bradley

*****

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